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He sat and watched the clock,
Watched the hands of fate;
In his pocket reposed a two dollar bill;
The clock on the taxi said eight.

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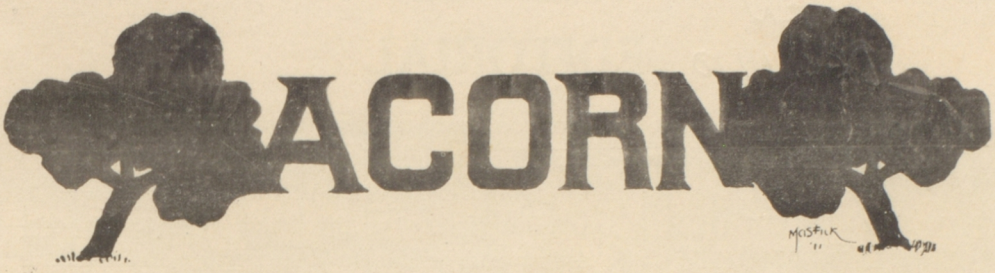

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Alameda, Cal.

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Once again the holiday time has come and we bid all friends rejoice, for of all seasons this is the happiest time of good-will. These are the days when we want everyone to be of good cheer, and to share our joys. We are thankful for many reasons;—for our homes and our school, for a faculty always alert to aid us in work and for the public-spirit of citizens of Alameda ready to support us in our school needs. It is therefore with grateful recognition of benefits received from the Old Year that we welcome the coming of the New Year, and wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

EDITORIAL

THE WALLS OF OUR SCHOOL ROOMS, HALLS, AND A LIBRARY

Are the pictures in our school-rooms of enough beauty and interest to be worthy of notice every day and to be remembered? Should the portraits of football heroes surround that beautiful Grecian frieze at the head of the entrance-stairs and be the first pictures seen by visitors to our school? The frieze is hung too low, and the combination is not advantageous to either portraits or classics. If those pictures are wanted, instead of beautiful reproductions of works by the great masters which would arrest the eyes of many students, then those only should be in evidence.

If there were in the High School a room idle, it certainly could be used to advantage as a library. How many students in the History and English department would be glad if they might go to such a school-library in study-periods when in need of reference books! Some upperclassmen, well advanced in their work, might be librarians and supervisors during their study-periods. Some method could be devised so that the reading-tables be not over-crowded nor become noisy. Book-shelves might be built around the room, and on top of them all the trophy-cups be placed. Here, too, would look appropriate the Greek statues with the section of the Parthenon frieze.

In the Latin room many students would greatly enjoy interesting and beautiful pictures when someone is wrestling with a passage in "Caesar," instead of those pictures of Mediaeval Rome, that may be good, but are in general hardly ever noticed.

The pictures in the English room upstairs are of profit and beauty. They may be looked at every day and always some new beauty be discovered. The pictures are of various subjects connected with the classics of literature and often aid the teacher in explaining or describing the poetry or story under discussion. These, however, are privately owned or given, and the adornment of our building should be by the Board of Education, by graduating classes, or by citizens interested in the welfare of our school.

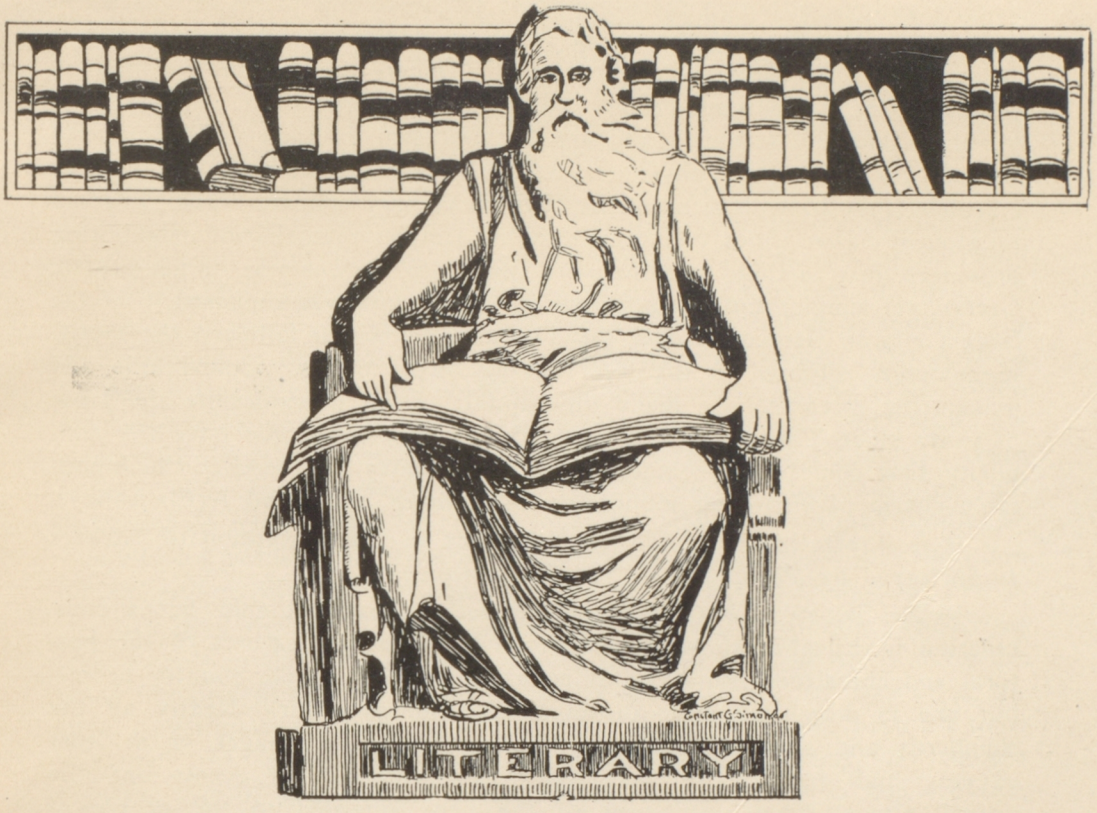
In the German and French room are pictures of legends, which are attractive, and, best of all, not in colors.

In the History room, more pictures of famous men and memorable scenes should be hung, together with good, faultless maps.

If moulding were run parallel a foot and a half apart above the wainscoting along the study-hall for work done in the art department, it would be appreciated by those who do not take drawing, and would show the occasional visitors what our art students are capable of designing. Especially good constructions from the mechanical drawing department and geometry class, and the best history-maps should have their sections, and be changed from time to time.

Let us all hope that the students be provided with such a library soon, and that the bare walls of our rooms be covered with worthy, instructive pictures.

LUCY ALTONA, '11.



Arcadia

Arcadia has become a type, a synonym for a land of ideal beauty. During the latter part of the Tudor dominion in England, it was the fashion to place the scenes of romantic stories in some distant region of loveliness, in the forests of Arden or in the valley of Arcadia. The conception of this ideal land where all earthly longings would be satisfied was not original with the English. Canaan was to the Israelites a land of plenty, "the land of milk and honey." To early Christians, the New Jerusalem was a place where "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." To the Scotch, the Land of Leal was a place of rest and happiness. The Celtic Island of Avilion was an island-valley,

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

Even in this prosaic age when people wish to express the idea of rural simplicity, combined with sinless pleasure, they say it is "Arcadian."

The real Arcadia is situated in the central part of Southern Greece, and is the only province of the Peloponnesus which has no direct access to the

sea. The scenery is generally of a bleak character, rugged mountains and marshy valleys, although there are some fertile rolling plains on the south and west. The floor of the valley is about 2000 feet above sea-level. A large number of basins surrounded by hills, where the streams can find no visible outlet, form innumerable lakes. The Arcadians are a people disposed to take life seriously and are distinguished by their rude simplicity of manners and strong physique. Like the Swiss, whom they somewhat resemble, they have been noted for their mercenary soldiers. The Arcadian religion in classic times was similar to, but simpler than that of neighboring provinces, just as their customs were similar to the customs of the greater Greece, yet simpler and less progressive. Lycosoura was supposed to be the largest city in Greece. Under the Theban rule, which followed the Doric, Megalopolis, situated in the west among fertile plains, wooded hills and murmuring streams, was made the capital. Even now, despite the lapse of years since Theocritus first sang of Arcadia, the people have the simplicity that comes from isolation, and the country has as ever the immutable charm of encircling mountains, of running water and fertile valleys.

It is interesting to notice the difference in the conception of Arcadia as portrayed by Philip Sidney and Theocritus.

Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" is not strictly a pastoral epic, but a combination in Elizabethan style, of the most important features of the pastoral and chivalrous romance. It is not a story of simple country people, but one in which all sorts of improbable things occur. Nearly all the shepherds and shepherdesses are disguised royal personages or at least of very high rank. The imaginative ideas, mixture of events and the unreal, almost tragic situations of the hero appealed to the people of Queen Elizabeth's day. The "Arcadia" contains enough material for six long epics. In the first twenty-five pages alone there is an account of a shipwreck, pirates, Prince Musidorus rescued from drowning by some Arcadian shepherds, a trip in Arcadia following the journey through Laconia, many disguises, the royal family retiring to a forest, the deliverance of a young imprisoned lord, a war with the peasants, the establishment of peace, besides many other events. The unreal predominates in everything. The book is filled with shepherds who are fine poets or shrewd psychologists, who are well versed in the manners of the court, and possess wonderful knowledge for people living in such secluded spots. The characters sing continually and devise most elaborate allegorical dances. Not only does the hero weep in poetry, but even quarrels are carried on in verse, the quick retorts overflowing with puns, figures of speech, and much involved wit. There are dialogues in which echo, by repeating the last word, carries on a whole conversation. Sidney describes the hills as garnished with lofty trees, pretty little valleys through which refreshing silvery rivers pass, and green meadows flecked with bright-colored flowers. In the quiet valley one comes upon a merry, piping shepherd lad, tending the sheep or goats, or upon a shepherdess, knitting and singing. The people lack little, as their desires are not great. This Arcadia is notable for the well-tempered minds of the people as well as

for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits. Sidney makes the host of Musidorus say, "Even the muses seem to approve their determination by choosing this country for their repairing place, and bestowing perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content to borrow their names and imitate their cunning."

Theocritus' idylls are true pastorals, true vignettes of rural life. The characters are not disguised princes, but the very people of the rank they appear. They do not possess knowledge that is not in harmony with their life. They sincerely believe in the Greek deities, so their reference to classical subjects is not due to education, but to religion. The idylls abound in descriptions of pretty little country nooks. This Arcadia has many trees, chiefly olive, oak and pine. In many of the idylls, roses, hyacinths, violets, poppies, ferns, and diverse pretty plants and shrubs are mentioned. Apples seem to have been considered a great luxury. Theocritus dwells particularly upon the verdant, fertile appearance of that district, the rivers and clear, cool fountains, the picturesque woodlands. The climate, scenery and general surroundings made Arcadia just the place for an outdoor life, and for the continued piping of the skillful shepherds.

In one of the idylls, "Thyrsis, the Shepherd and Goatherd," Theocritus enters upon an elaborate description of a drinking cup, on which there are many classical figures. The shepherd and the goatherd, to pass away the time, sometimes take turns in singing, and the hearer often bestows some gift upon the singer. In this idyll, the goatherd will not play on the pipe for fear of awakening Pan, so Thyrsis sings a song in honor of the Sicilian hero, Daphnis, and receives the wonderful drinking cup as a reward. They talk about Pan and Mercury, whom the shepherds particularly worship, and also about the gods' favorite animals.

In the "Wayfarers, or Composers of Pastorals," two wandering shepherds quarrel. The one, Comatas, says that Lacon stole a goatskin, while Lacon accuses Comatas with the theft of a pipe. Both deny the accusations and decide, after determining what the prize for the victor shall be, to contend the question in song. Lacon wishes to sit on the grass under some wild olive trees and near cool streams where the locusts are chirping; while Comatas wishes to sit on the ferns under oak trees and sweet-smelling marsh plants, near which are two fountains, into which the pines, on the slopes above, shower down cones. Each decides to remain in his own chosen place, and to get Morson, the oak-cutter, to judge which is the best pastoral minstrel. The songs are interrupted at intervals by the commands which the two contestants shout to the cattle. The wood-cutter decides in favor of Comatas, who sacrifices his prize, a lamb, to the Nymphs.

"The Workmen or Reapers" is a strictly pastoral idyll. Two reapers, Milo and Battus, converse about their work. Battus, however, does little reaping, as his thoughts are not upon his work. Milo thinks that Battus could work better if he would ease his mind by singing about that which bothers him, so, at his advice, Battus sings a love-song. Milo compliments

Battus upon the form and harmony of his song, then the former sings a reaping song. In this he expresses his opinion that the reapers should begin their work when the lark first begins to sing, and stop when the lark goes to rest, only ceasing labor at the noon hour.

"The Fishermen" is the only idyll describing the fisherman's life that has come down to us. The two fishermen are very poor, scarcely possessing the absolute necessities of life. But their poverty only calls them to active pursuits. One fisherman dreams that, upon landing a golden fish, he vowed never to set forth upon the sea again. When he awakens he is terrified at having sworn to refrain from fishing,—his only means of livelihood. His comrade persuades him that, since he did not catch the fish, he does not have to keep his vow.

Almost gone from modern literature is the gay piping music of Arcady, just as the sedan chairs, masks and patches of our ancestors have passed away.

"Wouldst know the clash of knightly steel on steel?
Or list the throstle singing loud and clear?
Or walk at twilight by some haunted mere
In Arcady; or in throbbing London feel
Life's pulse at highest—hark, the minster's peal;
Turn but the page, that various world is here."

ALMA POWELL, '11.

"The Origin of the California Poppy"

(An Indian Tale Retold.)

Long ago, when the Redmen first dwelt in the country which we now call California, winter continued throughout the year. The ground was always covered with snow and the lakes and streams with ice. In a certain little Indian village lived a boy whose name was Ten-ie-ya and whose father was the chief of the tribe of Indians known as the "Yosemite."

One day, while Ten-ie-ya was hunting in the forests he saw a white deer which he followed until night fell. Then, tired and exhausted, he lay down between two logs and fell asleep. He dreamed that his good Manito came to him and said, "Ten-ie-ya, the white deer is a sign to you from the Great Spirit. He wants you to follow until it leads you to Him. The way is hard but great will be your reward if you reach the Land of the Blessed." "I will follow the sign, and accomplish this work which my Father wishes me to undertake," promised the boy.

As he was puzzling over the meaning of this dream, he saw behind some brush a large white object which he soon perceived to be the deer. When he approached, the deer arose and Ten-ie-ya hastened after quickly.

The animal led him through large forests tangled with dense underbrush and over great stretches of snow and jagged ice. After pursuing the deer for many days and nights, he came to a steep cliff on which he was able to discern quite plainly the outlines of a human face. Ten-ie-ya immediately fell on his knees, for he knew he had come into the presence of Tote-ack-ah-noo-la, or the Rock Chief, of whom he had often heard his father tell when at evening they gathered around the camp-fire.

Awe-stricken, the boy climbed the cliff, always preceded by the white deer. When he had rounded a certain curve, he saw before him a beautiful country. Birds sang, grass and flowers covered the stretches, and farther off he could see a little brook rippling over sands. Suddenly the mountainside began gently shaking and Ten-ie-ya fell on his face for reverence. A voice was heard which seemed to come from the very heart of the great cliff, saying, "O, faithful Ten-ie-ya, rich shall be your reward for obedience. A precious gift shall be given you and your people. Summer shall rule in your land, as here in the Land of the Blessed. This shall be a sign to you." So saying, a beautiful maiden appeared, clad in a gorgeous yellow gown and wearing a long, pointed green cap, from which streamed her luxurious hair. Then spoke the Rock Chief again, "So long as the Queen of Summer lives, no cold shall frequent your land. Go, and lead the maiden to your people."

The two left the cliff and slowly wandered back to the home of Ten-ie-ya. As they walked, the snow melted, each blade of grass turned into a beautiful little wild flower, and butterflies and birds flew in the light which the maiden seemed to radiate. Wherever she went, gladness, clear blue skies and golden sunshine prevailed. Ten-ie-ya walked beside her, filled with wonder, and at length he saw his native village in the distance. His people ran out to meet him. "What do these things mean?" "Who is the maiden?" "Whence come the flowers and the birds?" they all questioned eagerly.

When he had recounted his adventures, the chief of the Yosemites stepped forward, and taking the band of wampum from his own head, placed it on his son, saying, "I am old and not worthy to rule of you. Long live our Queen of Summer and own new chief!"

The others joined in acclamation, and the ground was immediately prepared for a dance and the feast to follow. The ground was consecrated by burning incense, scattering feathers and evergreens, lighting sacred fires with ancient fire-sticks, and the muttering of mystic invocations. After the wild pantomime of dancing, the feast took place, and the occasion was celebrated with all due festivity.

The lovely Queen lived among the Indians for nearly a year. Then she gradually faded away. As she died, happiness and gladness seemed to die with her, and the world assumed once again a gloomy aspect. The leaves turned brown, and fell from the trees, the flowers faded, the birds flew away toward the South, and the wind and rain came.

Sadly Ten-ie-ya went with his tribe to bury their beloved Queen of Summer. He grieved greatly, both for himself and for his people, for he

believed their Summer was over. But still her presence seemed to prevail, for the snow did not come, neither did the rivers freeze.

Several months later, as Ten-ie-ya was walking by the grave of the maiden, he noticed a beautiful unknown flower blooming where she lay. Stooping, he examined it, and found it to be a golden flower with pale green stem and fern-like leaves. Nature seemed brighter all at once. The birds seemed to have returned singing, and the blue of the sky grew cloudless. It reminded Ten-ie-ya of the day when he led the Queen of Summer from the cliff to the valley.

All summer the flower bloomed and multiplied, and so long joyousness ruled throughout the country, but when it withered the rain came.

Many years have passed away since the Queen of Summer came to California. The Indians have vanished, save the few who tell the tale; but still the flower blooms in gold on the hillsides and in the valleys of California. The promise of the Rock Chief has lasted through these generations, for so long as the poppy blooms no blighting cold visits our land of sunshine and flowers. Take heed, therefore, not to destroy the golden sign of happy tidings given by the Rock Chief to Ten-ie-ya, for by this token is our joy.

A. M., '11.

A Sonnet

Ofttimes have I, when seeking solitude,
Retraced with silent steps the lonely strand
Where murmurings of the sea invade the land,
And brooded on the path of life so rude;
Can e'er our petty works in life elude
Time's ruthless grasp, or profit to withstand
The answerless o'erpowering demand
Of Fate whom each one hopes he may delude?
But it is useless, paltering hopes are vain,
For grim and cruel Fate will ne'er relent.
Then all just goodness in the world obtain
That to the end we may in all repent
Sincerely, for the slowness of this pace
In which we hoped to truly serve our race.

GERTRUDE JOHNSON, '11.

In the Shelter of a Rock

An Allegory.

One May morning, when cool shadows, lightened with the rising sun, two children met on the Pathway of Life. As together they searched for the delicate, dew-laden flowers, they were drawn toward a huge rock that offered protection from future storms. Beneath its shelter they decided to build a house.

Little by little their willing hands gathered the wood, and day by day the store increased; and the boy and girl grew into manhood and woman-

hood and began to build their house. Springs passed, but, although the flowers of spring faded, there came other blossoms to take their places.

Summers passed, but their glare was unheeded by the workers, safe in the shelter of the shadow of the rock.

Slowly a foundation of understanding was laid, which upheld beams of Self-Sacrifice, Loyalty, and Good-Will, which in turn did their part in strengthening and adding to the house. Thunder storms rolled black clouds above it, and one autumn hurricane almost destroyed it. The great rock repulsed the dangers threatening the house, but the flowers of that autumn were laid by one saddened builder on the grave of his companion.

The house was finished. The great rock which protected it bent kindly over the lonely worker, whose hair, in whiteness, was like the snow that was falling gently all about him. Before Winter ended, he, too, lay beneath the snow. By and by the dark red snowflower, blood-veined and staunch, lifted its cluster of bells above the graves. It was a flower of memory, but the whisper of its tiny bells echo only to those who have builded that house called Friendship near the shelter of the rock called Love.

ETHEL KING, '12.

A Problem in Composition

The great of creation of the worlds was that beginning the Ancient A Greeks of their the country in the great heavens. Then great a god of Jupiter, who was been to reign a control of that new dynasty on the heavens; a god Jupiter had to ride with that provided for fours a horses, to passes through into the skies, his will to destroyed of great a Monster, awful violent an Typhon, but that form has a hundred-dragon head, his eyes shot light of makes fires, and his had both of legs as snakes; the roaring as of lions; the barking as of dogs.

Then Zeus to killed that great of Typhons. After this god of Jupiter traveled the Milks-Way to the palaces of into the heavens.

K. OKAWA.

Friendship

Is not that one word "friendship" dear to all
  Who live upon this earth but for a space,
  And try with all their strength to win life's race
In worldly fame whatever may befall;
Yet keeping still their honor bright withal,
  That to their friends they never bring disgrace,
  In whose esteem they hold the highest place,
The loss of which they ever would recall?
Friendship seems as one link in the chain
  Which binds us all together on this earth
  And makes us love our neighbor as ourself
And share with each the profits that we gain,
  So that while here we are all filled with mirth,
  Reigned o'er as if by some young, joyous elf.

VIBIANA McKAY.

The Poisoned Well

A True Story.

Two newspapermen, King and Miller, left San Jose in 1879 for Arizona. Being without sufficient funds for railroad fare, they induced a friend to fit them out with a horse, wagon, blankets, and guns. Happy in their new undertaking, they left San Jose one bright May morning, little thinking of the hardships before them on the way to Arizona.

Their trip was rather easy and uneventful until they reached the Colorado Desert. At Salton they were informed by the station agent that the next watering place was twenty miles away, but they could probably make it by sundown. Twenty miles a day is considered good traveling on the desert.

"At this place," said the agent, "are two wells, one containing poisonous water and the other pure water. I will give you a diagram, so in case the signboard is gone you will have no trouble in finding the right well."

About noon that day, as they were about to make "dry camp," as prospectors call it, their attention was attracted by a sign, which read: "About 600 yards due west from this Notice is Water. Will probably last till May." Parched with terrible thirst for cool water, hot and weary from travel, they eagerly sought the well. To their terrible disappointment, the sink-hole was merely damp.

They reached the two famous wells, Agua Claro and Agua Veneno, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. While Miller was making camp and building a fire, King got a bucket and a long rope and started for the well. What a horrible surprise it was to them to find the paper gone!

"Never mind," said Miller, "I examined the diagram very carefully, and I am sure it's the well over there to our right, behind that cactus."

"No, I know it's the one on our left," said King.

"Now, if you are so sure, you draw a bucket of water and drink," replied Miller.

"No, you are more sure than I; you drink," said King.

The sun had sunk behind the San Jacinto Range and all was silent. Darkness reigned for more than two hours, and still neither had drunk any water. The horrors of the mysterious desert settled over them like a pall. Their thirst grew until it became unbearable. Miller imagined he was swimming in the natatorium at San Jose, while King's thoughts were on some cool body of water now many miles away. Their thirst grew worse and worse. They chewed bullets for relief. The dispute as to which was the poisoned well ran high. As time slowly passed, they were no nearer to agreeing how to test the water, or which was the pure.

Miller finally suggested that they draw straws and the loser get a bucket of water from the well he thought pure and give it to the horse. King objected, saying he preferred riding to walking over the desert.

At eight o'clock, by King's watch, they were getting desperate. They must have a drink. They finally decided to toss up a half-dollar, and the loser pick his well and drink. Up in the clear, still moonlight went the

bright piece of silver, shimmering like a nocturnal hummingbird. Miller called "tails." The money struck the sand "tail up." King had lost!

King picked up the bucket, went a few steps in the direction of the well, stood still for a moment, then, like a soldier marching to his death, went to the well he first thought was pure. Miller threw himself on the sand beneath the arms of a giant cactus and awaited King's return.

To add to the terrible suspense, the howl of a coyote was heard in the distance. Even the horse neighed, seeming to know he would soon have water.

King returned with the water, placed it on the sand, and looked at his partner.

The terrible stillness of the desert crept over them, and with a shudder King put his finger in the water, rubbed it on his hand, and smelled it. Turning to Miller, he said in a hoarse voice: "Tell the folks how"—

"Oh, brace up! be a man; you lost fairly; you got the right well; drink and see how it works!"

It was now nine o'clock, and their throats were parched and swollen. Miller lay back on the sand waiting for King to drink. King gave Miller his final instructions as to the disposition of his few effects and wrote a short letter home.

Then, like the immortal Socrates when he drank of the poisoned cup, King put the cup to his lips and tasted. He waited a few moments, expected to have terrible pains, but as he had none and his thirst was so great, he tasted again. Still he lived! Miller looked on in horror, expecting to see King writhe and die. King took courage and tasted once more.

Miller grew impatient at King's delay and told him to hurry. King, still a little reluctant, said it was his own funeral and he would take his time. King took another taste, and, feeling no evil effect, took up the cup and drained it. All the while, Miller was looking on in utter astonishment.

Miller, almost desperate for water, and seeing that it did not affect King, took up a cup and drank. He lived! Then they took up a bucket, filled it with water, and gave it to the horse. The horse lived. After all had been relieved of their terrible thirst, they shared a midnight supper.

Imagine their astonishment at dawn the next morning to see a squaw filling her "olla" from the well they supposed poisoned. It then dawned upon them that they had been the victims of a practical joke of the station agent, who did such things to break the monotony of desert life.

BEATRICE STEPHENS, '13.

Questioned Twice

He was called "Big Jack" along the coast from Pedro to the Sound, and was known to be the hardest specimen in that district. Where he was born, or whence he came, God only knows, and the life he seemed to spring from was that of the survival of the fittest.

By trade he was anything from a sailor to a lawyer. In the winter after the mills of the north had closed, he shipped south to San Francisco, and, as long as his season's earnings lasted, he could be found where "Cerberus' blackest midnight" lay disguised in rays of artificial luster. There the nights were passed in drunken revelry, and the days at a card table over some East Street saloon, in the world where one's passions are one's only master.

It was a cold winter morning, with a drizzle from the southeast. The faint light of day was hardly perceptible when Big Jack, mud-begrimed, dragged himself from a Howard Street gutter. He was stiff, sore, and penniless. Everything was gone; where, he had no idea, and he cared less.

His weary steps led him down along the Front, where the smell of pine and bilge-water was strongest. He was not noticed as he slunk aboard the little schooner "Annie Johnson," and under the lazarette he slept in a drunken stupor until he was awakened by a heavy kick. He slowly opened his blood-shot eyes, to see the snarling countenance of a big Swede mate standing before him. He felt the deck's gentle heave under him, which he knew so well. The fresh salt breeze blew in the lazarette door and brought new life. His dull eyes brightened, and another brisk kick, accompanied by a volley of oaths, brought back the last remnant of that spirit of manhood which rebels instead of being cowed like a dog. With one bound, he seized the Swede by the head, dragged him out on the deck, and was beating his foe with no more mercy than a tiger shows his prey, when a shot from the poop grazed his scalp. He relaxed himself and slunk forward and in under the forecastle.

The afternoon found Big Jack scouring decks, with a heavy sea running and the weather thickening.

Late that night, when the crew were playing their usual poker game in the forecastle, Big Jack lay watching them from a bunk. Being broke, he was not, as usual, a participant in the game. He lay watching with eyes half open. The picture was by no means strange. There was a smoky lantern hung to a deck beam, which swung to and fro, throwing its scant light on the hard faces below; some young and others old, the rough lines more plainly brought out by the shadows. Before them stood a rough pine table covered with chips and greasy cards. That night Jack had not even the desire to take a hand. He began to think, a thing which he had seldom done. The faces before him held something that was pathetic in their hardened lines. He turned away in disgust—a sensation wholly new to him—and asked himself the question: "Why do we live?" In his meditating, sleep came to him, and in his sleep he saw a tall, white-bearded man, robed in black, rise out of the sea, and by his side was hung a long knife.

He spoke to each of the dog-like faces and asked: "Why do you live?" As each answered in turn, he drew his long knife and severed the faces from the bodies, and they fell, each in turn, into darkness, until Big Jack alone stood before the figure, and then the vision faded.

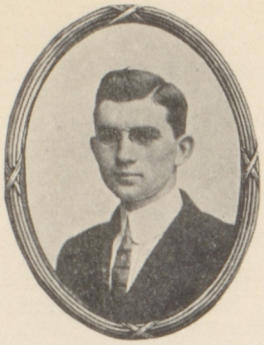
Three days later, when the streets of Aberdeen lay white with snow, long before any rays of morning sun, and when the crowds of striking loggers still filled the rows of saloons, Big Jack was standing among a hardy bunch of loggers on the forward deck of the little stern-wheel steamer, "Gray's Harbor," heading up to the Chehalis Valley. He was not the Jack of old San Francisco. He stood straight, and his eyes brightened as if intent on some object.

Fred Whetzler, of the Washington Lumber Company, had taken a contract to log ten million feet of government pine up on the head waters of the Chehalis River. This had to be cut by the end of May, or else he would lose ten thousand dollars, together with all his improvements. He had already spent five thousand on skid roads in the woods. The proposition was good to bring him one hundred thousand clear, when, without any warning, the loggers' strike was on. They were not only unwilling to work with raised wages, but showed no disposition to work at all or to allow work by others. Whetzler was disgusted and discouraged. The deal would have finished paying for his new mill, which he was now due to lose. He sat gloomily at his desk, figuring, and when some one entered he did not look up at first. But when he did, he saw a tall, rough man, with a determined manner, who wanted work. For such a man Whetzler was looking. He questioned him on logging, and explained existing conditions and what he wanted done.

After getting two black eyes and a slightly misplaced nose, Big Jack started his expedition. The rest of the winter he toiled like a Trojan, and in the spring the logs came down, with Big Jack fighting jams. The river was full of logs, and he worked on without food or sleep in the thickest of the log jams. One night, after working twenty-four hours steadily, the jam broke, and he was caught between two logs, and his leg snapped under him; but he had fought a good fight and done a man's work in the world.

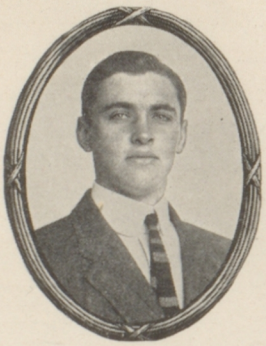
Twenty years later, the lumber king of the great Northwest sat before his mahogany desk in the Merchants' Exchange, and as the office clock struck five, he dropped the papers before him into a drawer, swung around in his chair, hobbled toward the window and looked out through the November drizzle on the bay past Alcatraz. As he looked, he saw a little steam schooner pass out around Lime Point and on into darkness. The twilight fell over him and he saw the tall, white-bearded man with the knife, who had risen once before out of the sea, and he heard him repeat his question: "Why do we live?" Big Jack answered: "That we may do our part," and as he spoke, the Angel of Death showed him a road, straight and shining.

ROBERT CHRISTY, '11.



CLEON KOETITZ
President

CLAIRE BARTELS
Secretary



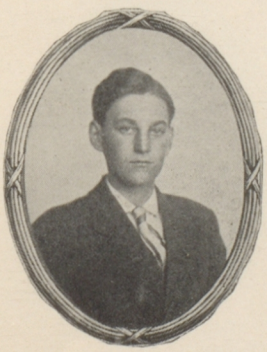
CHARLES MEDCRAFT

HANALLA MOORE

VALERIE ANSEL
Vice-President

BAXTER McNUTT

MARJORIE TAYLOR



HARVEY THOMPSON

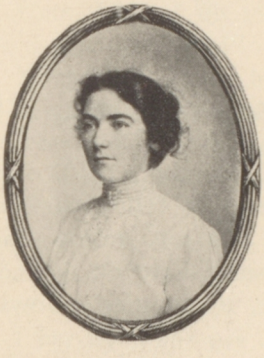
MABEL HARDIN

JAMES THRALLS

GLADYS DEMING

FRANK WEEDEN
Treasurer

ESTELLE FRANK



VERE FRASER

MABEL MUNTHE

MARIE CHUCOVICH

RAMON MAYTORENA

Last Will and Testament of the Class of Dec., '10

In the name of Dr. Thompson, I, the Class of December, 1910, of the Alameda High School, State of California, of the age of four years, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

Imprimis. I direct that my high ideals of scholarship may be left to the school at large, and that the superfluous first sections won by the individual members of the class be scattered where there is the greatest need among the football heroes of next year's team.

Item I. I direct that all my individually illustrated and highly annotated text-books be sold at auction, the proceeds of the sale to be used to purchase a large, modern, fully equipped gymnasium, a domestic science department, and a manual training shop for the Alameda High School.

Item II. I direct that all my study hall high signs, experience in bluffing, fear of teachers, and my talking ability be handed into the keeping of the entering Freshmen for their use during their four years' term of imprisonment.

Item III. I do bequeath Cleon Koetitz's "Der Schweigersohn" to Miss Garretson, to be used at her discretion.

Item IV. I do give and devise Frank Weeden's pugilistic manner to Charles Kiser, to be exercised during his presidential term.

Item V. I do give Valerie Ansel's winning smile to Ned Anthony as a fond remembrance of past joys.

Item VI. I do bequeath Baxter McNutt's height to George Mastick for his exclusive use forever.

Item VII. I do give, bequeath, and devise Hanalla Moore's happy glances to Jack Thomas for his sole use hereafter.

Item VIII. I do devise and bequeath all Mabel Hardin's 4's (?) to Robert Rosenberg for his use exclusively, should he have the fortune to remain among you.

Item IX. I do bequeath Ramon Maytorena's dramatic ability to the next Low Senior Class for its use in its coming play.

Item X. I do give and devise James Thrall's bon mots, wit, and "long-windedness" to Mr. Marshall.

Item XI. I do devise and bequeath Estelle Frank's willingness (?) to lend compositions to Charles Murphy.

Item XII. I do give Harvey Thompson's self-confidence to the Oral English class.

Item XIII. I do devise and give Claire Bartel's giggle to Laurie Ives to help his stock along.

Item XIV. I do bequeath Marie Chiscovich's school spirit to Gertrude Johnson.

Item XV. I do give, bequeath, and devise Vere Fraser's gift of continued discourse to Florence Copeland.

Item XVI. I do bequeath Charles Medcraft's aversion to appearing in public to Mr. Agard.

Item XVI. I do devise and bequeath Gladys Deming's poetic ability to "Shy" Seagrave to use in his frequent attempts.

Item XVII. I do bequeath Marjorie Taylor's proficiency in the French language to Constance Pierre for her sole use and benefit hereafter.

Item XVIII. I do give, devise, and bequeath all our good-will and tender remembrances to the school and to our teachers.

I hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Agard and Miss Berg, of said school and county of Alameda, the executors of this, my last will and testament, and hereby revoke all former wills by me made.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-second day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten. CLASS OF DECEMBER, '10.

(Seal.)

A Modern "Night Before Christmas"

'Twas the hour 'fore commencement, when all thro' the class
Not a person was smiling, neither laddie nor lass;
We Seniors were dressed for the occasion with care,
In hopes that our friends would most all be there;
We each wished our tired selves at home in our beds,
But visions of diplomas danced thro' our heads.
Mothers and fathers were all in their places,
Uncles and aunts with smiling, bright faces;
Then, from the loft, sweet strains came stealing,
Thrilling and throbbing, with joy appealing.
As dry leaves before the wild hurricance fly,
When they meet with an obstacle and mount to the sky,

So up to the platform we Seniors bold drew,
With hearts full of fear, but of gladness, too.
Then Dr. Thompson, with courage so rash,
Assured the audience that this was "the" class.

* * * * * * *

Alack and alas! School days are now o'er;
We know not what future may have in its store,
But "Semper Fidelis" for our motto, in truth,
Will cause us to keeps the ideals of our youth.

G. L. D., '10.

From the Files of A. H. S. Historical Documents

(According to the established custom, every graduate of the A. H. S., ten years after graduation, sends either his professional or his calling card to be filed among the valuable documents of the school. The cards following are those filed by the class of December, 1910. Editor's note.)

Mlle. Estelle Frank

"THE BROADWAY"

Millinery Parlors

Paris Importations New York

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

DR. R. MAYTORENA

Room 5, Central Building

Alameda, Cal.

Phone Rich 2323

HARVEY THOMPSON

Contractor and Builder

Richmond, Cal.

Lessons in Elocution

MISS GLADYS DEMING

160 Ellis St. Denver, Colo.

MRS. J. F. THOMAS

(Née Hanalla Moore)

Syracuse, N. Y.

HERR MEDCRAFT

Orchestra Leader

Orpheum Oakland, Cal.

Kindergarten 10-12 a. m., 1-2 p. m.

MISS VALERIE ANSEL
MISS CLAIRE BARTELS

Salt Lake City Utah

Attorneys at Law

McNUTT & ROSENBERG

151 Grand Bldg. Chicago

Phone A 257

MISS M. CHUCOVICH

Teacher of Piano and Violin

2225 Oak Street Boston, Mass.

JAS. THRALLS

College Tailor

102 Dwight Way Berkeley, Cal.

Looking for a Taxicab????

Ring up

C. KOETITZ

Phone Alameda 2000

State Superintendent of Schools

MABEL MUNTHE

Republican Nominee

Sacramento, Cal., Headquarters

MRS. GEORGE DAVIS

(Née Marjorie Taylor)

1st and 3rd Tuesdays

M. HARDIN, Ph. D.

Alameda High School

Alameda, Cal.

Undertakers and Embalmers

F. WEEDEN & CO.

Funeral Parlors

Phone Melrose 1323 Melrose, Cal.

VERE FRASER

Speaker on "Woman's Rights"

St. George's Hall London

FOOTBALL

The 1910 football season has at last come to a close. It has been one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school, because of many notable victories. Not once during the season was their goal line crossed, and the only three points scored against them were a field goal in the Fresno game. Their total scores counted up to one hundred and nineteen (119), which is a remarkable sum, considering the fact that only six games were played to pile up that immense score. The team this year was peculiar in many ways. They were lighter than any team they played, and so different from any other team that ever represented A. H. S. It seems as if they were just adapted to the new style of the American game, which consists of fast, open play. Not once during the whole season was anybody kept out of the game on account of injuries. This is a remarkable record and proves that the revised American game is far superior to Rugby. If any advocate of the Rugby game could have witnessed the Alameda-Belmont game, he would soon have changed his opinion in regard to the merits of the two games. This season's showing deserves another trial. If accorded this, it will not take long before the present game will again appeal to all.

There was no final game this year, owing to the carelessness of the Academic League in making out their schedule. According to their own rules, they are supposed to notify a team two weeks previous to a game. This was not done, and Alameda arranged a game with Fresno and intended to keep faith with them. The Academic League then came along seven days previous to the date on which they were to play the final game and ordered that Alameda break their Fresno engagement and play Hitchcock for the championship. Alameda refused to do this, and as a result the chance to battle for the championship and the permanent possession of the cup was taken from them. A protest was granted, but of course this was of little value, as the supposedly honest officials of the league had their decision that there shall be no championship already decided before any action ever took place. Alameda during the last four years has been a big factor for the Academic League, having supplied large funds and excep-

tionally good teams, and now, after defeating every team in the league and the opportunity to retain the cup for good comes along, the officials of this joke league take it from us. If the students of the school have not the backbone to leave this organization, regardless of the outcome, it serves them right if they are walked on.

This year marks the passing of Anthony and Kiser as members of the A. H. S. football team. Both have played hard and faithfully for four years and have the high honor of earning a "Four-Star A." Anthony has been one of the best linemen the school has ever had, and Kiser is undoubtedly the greatest player that ever played in a high school team on this Coast. He has every essential skill that goes to make up a great player.

Lick Game.

This game was played on November 12th, on the Presidio grounds. Lick has always been a hard team to defeat, owing to its great fighting spirit. It outweighed Alameda about ten pounds to the man, and this, of course, made it all the harder. The ball was kept in Lick's territory throughout the game, and in the second half Kiser broke through and ran 60 yards to a touchdown. He then kicked the goal. The teams fought hard until, towards the end of the last quarter, Captain "Ming" Bruzzone recovered an "on-side kick" and scored a second touchdown for Alameda. The one noticeable thing about this game was the great number of offside plays by Alameda, they being penalized 285 yards—enough to win six games. Mallon and Howe both played well.

Belmont Game.

This game will long be remembered as the most spirited event ever pulled off by a prep school. A special train was hired, consisting of three cars, and even that was not enough room, as over fifty were forced to stand in the aisles. Belmont was reached in a little over an hour, and every one of the three hundred people walked in a body to the Belmont campus to cheer the team to victory. Most everybody knows the quality of teams turned out by "Bill" Reid, and we couldn't have won if we had had less than a hundred cheering for the players. Belmont had never been beaten by a prep school in the history of that institution. This showing was, of course, due to the excellent coaching of Bill Reid. It was an inspiring sight for the team to see every one of the three hundred rooters with them, heart and soul, and when they came on the field amidst the many cheers, they were ready for the hardest game that any of them ever fought. Drougard kicked off to Alameda; and, after an exchange of kicks, Mackie went around Belmont's left end on a false kick for 20 yards. Kiser followed this up for 15 more. Then Belmont got the ball on a forward pass and kicked to the center of the field. Alameda then got the ball on an on-side kick and tried a field goal from the 40-yard line, which failed. After an exchange of kicks, the ball was in Alameda's possession on the 40-yard line. Kiser then went around Belmont's right end for thirty yards. The ball was now on the 10-yard line, and Mackie went through for five more.

With the ball so close to a score, Alameda fumbled and Belmont kicked out of danger. The second quarter started with the ball on Belmont's 25-yard line, and a forward pass was tried by Alameda, but went for a touchback. McHenry closed the half by a 25-yard run. The third quarter was hardly begun when Mackie signaled for an on-side kick. Howe went down the field like a flash and by a fortunate bound got the ball and ran for a touchdown. Kiser again tried a field goal, but failed. Alameda retained the ball still and brought the ball to the 15-yard line, where Kiser on his second attempt kicked a field goal. Belmont also made a good showing in this quarter and threatened to score. They were blocked on the 10-yard line and Drougard tried a field goal, which hit the cross-bar. Alameda then kicked out of danger, and the game ended with the ball close to the center of the field. The team's work was a revelation, the exact reversal of the Lick game. Every one played well and nobody could be praised more than another.

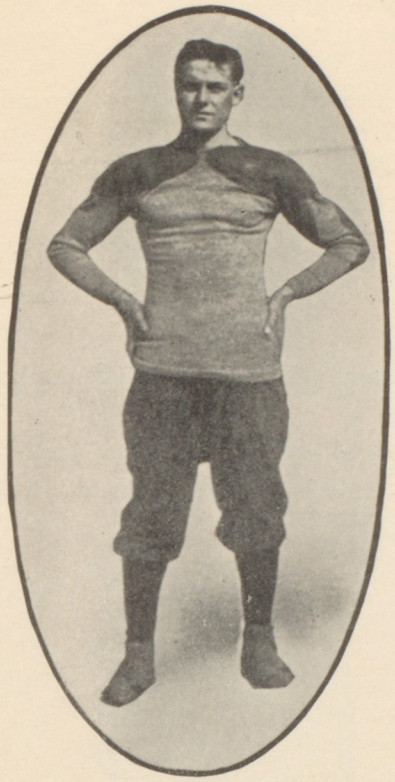
Fresno Game.

The Fresno game resulted in a larger score than was expected. Of course, Alameda was expected to win, but not by such a large score. Fresno beat every team down south and really expected to beat Alameda for the State championship. Their expectations did not last long, however, because their only semblance of a showing was made in the first quarter, when Captain Momson kicked a field goal. From then on, Alameda fairly swept them off their feet by their speed. They used shift plays, forward passes and kicking to great advantage, and so nearly perfect was their interference that the Fresno team were bowled over like nine-pins. Kiser made several touchdowns and several field goals, and the playing of Earl, Gay, Howe, Anthony, and Bruzzone featured. The whole story in a nut-shell is that Alameda had such a great variety of plays that they fairly bewildered Fresno, and as a result the game ended with the one-sided score 28 to 3. Fresno, however, deserves credit for the fine treatment accorded the Alameda team. It was greatly appreciated by every member and Alameda hopes some day to return the courtesy.

All-Star Southern Team.

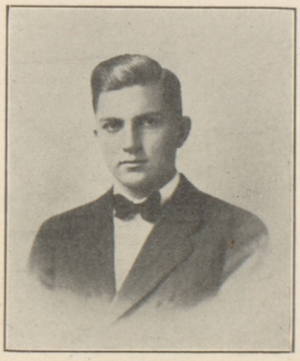
A challenge was received by a team composed of boys from Throop Academy, Santa Ana, Pasadena, and the University of Southern California. It is a very strong team and if Alameda should play and defeat them, it would just top off its already great record. The game is proposed for Christmas Day, and to take place somewhere in this section. If the proper inducements can be made, this game will probably be played here. If this game should take place, it will give our wonderful, machine-like team a chance to show what they can do against the pick of the State.

The 1910 Champions of California



CAPT. BRUZZONE

ED SEAGRAVE
Yell Leader



TRACK

This term has been an off season for the track team, the only meet being the A. A. L. at Berkeley.

Among those who turned out for track this year are Ninekirk, Hardin, Powell, Reite, Purcell, Thomas, and Von Schmidt.

Thomas ran a good race in the quarter mile, and Reite and Von Schmidt ran a good race in the mile for beginners, and have a good future before them.

Hardin made the only points for the team, taking third place in both the high and broad jumps.

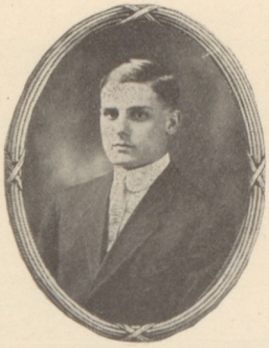
The season is now over for track, but it is hoped that the boys will turn out for track next year to help win more laurels for the Alameda High School.

Girls' Athletics

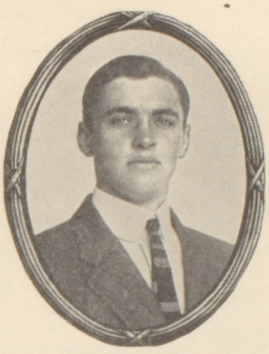
Basketball is progressing slowly but, it is hoped, surely. There is enough material for the making of several fine teams, but when only enough girls for one team turn out for practice, it is exceedingly difficult to accomplish results. Girls, why don't you back this team? It is the only chance the girls have in athletics, so don't neglect your duty. With the new term we want every girl's support in person.

Alameda 29, Porter 5.

The first game of the term was played Thursday, November 10. The team played a good game, better than anticipated, having very few fouls scored against them. The game was played with the Porter School girls and resulted in a victory for the Alameda High School.



DOMINGO BRUZZONE



CHARLES MEDCRAFT

HELEN SARGENT
Vice-President

EDWIN R. ANTHONY, Jr.
President

FRANK WEEDEN

VALERIE ANSEL

THE "EX" COMMITTEE

Class Organizations.

The High Junior class has organized. It was decided to make the dues one dollar, and the school colors, gold and white, were chosen for class colors. The following members of the class were elected to fill the various offices: President, Harold von Schmidt; vice-president, Ethel Shearer; secretary, Katherine Westbrook; treasurer, Fred Kramer.

Mr. F. N. Delanoy, the chairman of the Playground Committee, gave a lecture, on Thursday, November 3, to the Physical Geography students. The speaker discussed the country around the Great Lakes, St. Lawrence River, and the watersheds of the Hudson Bay. Mr. Delanoy showed a number of slides illustrating his travels.

On Thursday afternoon, October 27, Professor Pinger, of the University of California, delivered a lecture before the German students and many visitors. He compared the family life of the Germans with that of the Americans. Professor Pinger is a very interesting speaker, and the lecture proved instructive and amusing. The school recognizes its indebtedness to him.

On the afternoon of Monday, November 14, a French lecture was given by Mlle. Soulas, of Berkeley, in the Assembly Hall. Mlle. Soulas spoke of Napoleon I, describing fully his home life, his divorce from Josephine, his remarriage, and his exile, and later discussed the life of Marie Antoinette and her court to the time of her death. Beautiful pictures illustrated the lecture, and the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The History Club is a trial venture at the Alameda High School, no organization of this sort having met with much success. But this is an assured success, and in the future the Club will attempt work that will be a credit to the school. At the present date, such topics as the "Early History of Texas," "Canadian Fur Trade," "Journey of Coronado," and like topics of wide range, have been presented and discussed by the members

of the Club. At a meeting held October 24, the following program dealing with current events was carried out:

"Forests of the Future, or Conservation in Michigan."

"Why Canada Is Building a Railroad to Hudson Bay."

"Portuguese Revolution."

"Church Affairs in Spain."

On December 7, a debate on annexation of Canada to the United States aroused much interest.

The third performance on the Pacific Coast of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with the piano accompaniment written by Richard Strauss, was given by Miss Berg and Mr. Agard to the appreciation of the high school students.

Our Trip to Mt. Tamalpais

We, synonymous for basketball girls, accompanied by part of the Physical Geography class, and chaperoned by Miss Hewett, tramped to Mt. Tamalpais one Saturday morning. According to Miss Hewett, the Physical Geography class was accompanied by the basketball girls. We have used the name so long and speak it so lovingly that it seems to indicate more than merely members of a team. There is to us much of good comradeship in the phrase, "we basketball girls."

The party caught the seven o'clock train from Alameda and took the boat for Sausalito at 8:15. The wind was blowing strong on that side of the bay, and there was difficulty in keeping on hats. We studied some maps Miss Hewett had with her, and located the points of interest from the forward deck. In the distance we could see the "Sleeping Beauty" and near at hand the sentinel pacing back and forth on the prison walls of Alcatraz.

So far, the sun had been hidden, but just as the boat was about to enter the slip, it broke from its imprisonment and, shining on the pretty town of Sausalito lying on the hills, seemed to wish us "bon voyage."

The excursionists followed the road from Mill Valley for a time, until they reached the railroad. From there on, we "followed the track," with the exception of one "cut-off," taken to avoid the "double bowknot."

We trudged silently along until a cry of delight from those in the lead caused us to quicken our pace in order to learn the cause of their outcry. Perhaps it was a glimpse of the bay, with the sun shining on its waters; mayhap it was a view of the surrounding mountains, or the plains far below, with the streams meandering across them, that had attracted their attention. For three hours and fifteen minutes we tramped, and at nearly every turn (and there are hundreds of them, the longest piece of straight track being only 487 feet long) some new sight burst into view.

When at last, at 12:30, the climbers reached the tavern, they broke joyfully into, "We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here." Lunch was eaten in a large room with three sides partly

made of glass. We pulled a table alongside the windows overlooking the ocean, and enjoyed the grandeur of the scene at the same time that we enjoyed our lunch. And such a lunch! It included everything "picnicky," from cucumbers to bananas.

After lunch, the Physical Geography class went to the observatory and spent a profitable hour drawing maps of the surrounding country. The rest of us walked around the summit of the mountain, seeing in the distance Mt. St. Helena and Mt. Diablo and the Farallone Islands. A little nearer were Oakland, Berkeley, San Francisco, San Anselmo, San Quentin, Vallejo, the Golden Gate, Seal Rocks, San Francisco Bay, and close at hand, the great Profile Rock.

The scenery as we went down in the train was even more beautiful than it had seemed going up. The sun was sinking and the shadows beginning to lengthen. We sat backwards in order to come upon the turns unexpectedly. The valley lay softened in the last rays of the fast-declining sun, which seemed loath to depart, as, indeed, were we. When we reached the level and were entirely in shadow, shadow so somber and quiet that it seemed strange that anything was alive, we were overcome by the beauty and were silent.

On the ferryboat, we took possession of the upper rear deck and finished our lunch, throwing crumbs to the sea gulls flocking around the ship.

Most of us noticed the difference between this noise and bustle, light and confusion, into which we were entering, and the silence, quiet, and peace we had left behind us on the twilight slopes of Mt. Tamalpais.

M. A. T., '13.

Twelfth Night

or

What You Will

presented by

Class of June, '11

of the

Alameda High School

"Fair and Honored Gentlefolk: We Pray you Welcome to this most pleasant and Excellent Conceited Comedie of Twelfth Night as it hathe long since been Sundrie times publikly acted by His Majestie's servants under Master William Shake-speare. But for our playinge, wee would have You of youre Courtesie remember how wee bee none of His Majestie's skil'd actors of London Citie, but a mere companie of Scholler-Plaiers, seeking to please You. And so wee crie You, Merrie Friends, heare Us with favor for the love You bear our Master Gentle William Shake-speare."

Scenes from "Twelfth Night"

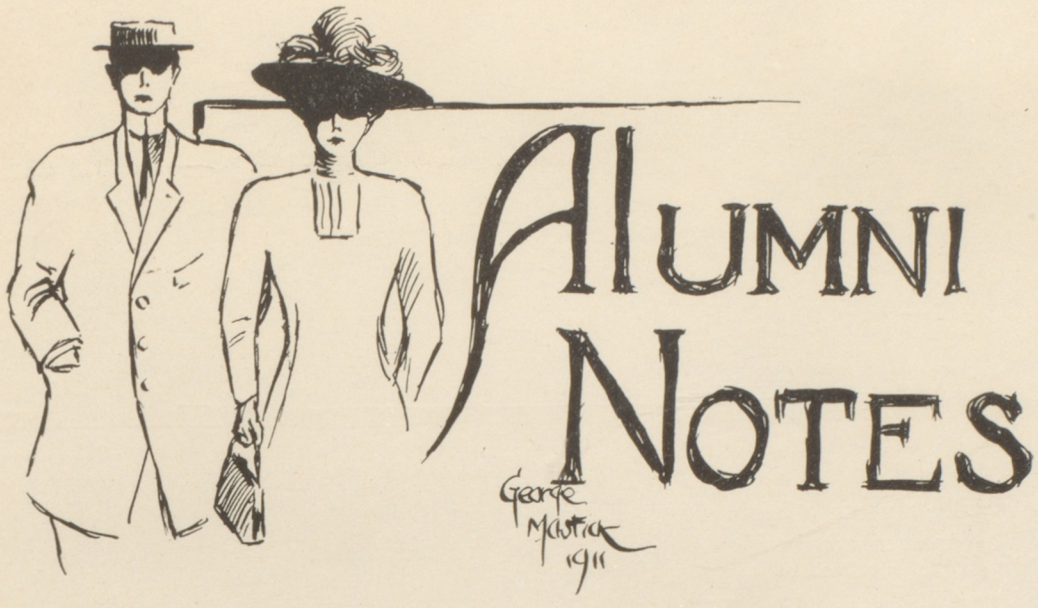
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....JACK THOMAS
Sebastian, Brother of Viola.....FRANK POLLARD
Antonio, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.....OMER ETTER
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.....JACK PEARSON
Valentine, Curio } The Duke's Attendants.....LUCIE ALTONA, HELEN NORTON
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle of Olivia.....HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....ELMER GAY
Fabian.....WILL DUNLOP
Malvolio, Steward to Olivia.....BERTRAM BRONSON
Feste, Court Jester.....ETHEL SWEENY
Olivia, a Rich Countess.....FLORENCE COPELAND
Viola, Sister to Sebastian.....LELIA LETSON
Maria, Olivia's Maid.....DORA HOWE
Priest.....ROBERT CHRISTY
Officers to the Duke.....EDGAR KELLY, ROBERT SHERRARD
Gentlemen Attending the Duke.....IRVING GRIFFITHS, TRUEMAN MILLER, WALTER BRYAN

Pages and Ladies in Waiting:

Alma Powell
Florence Bradley
Margaret Griffin
Henrietta Brandli
Valerie Berlin
Marion Rhoades
Fay Templeton
Sadie Older

The highly successful play given by our school this year was notable for many reasons. The words, "our school," are here used with intention, as every class in the school had a representative in the cast. There was a departure from the custom of preceding terms in that the Low Seniors, and not the High Seniors, were the class responsible, owing to a faculty recommendation that, beginning with this term, the plays be given by the Low Seniors. And thus the Class of June, 1911, had "greatness thrust upon them." The class is to be commended greatly on its bravery in selecting a Shakespearean comedy, as it was an enormous undertaking because of the size of the cast, necessity for especial care in costuming, the danger of not making a popular appeal, and the unusual expenses in production. But the judgment of the class was justified by the results; every seat was sold, as was also some standing room. The house applauded most enthusiastically throughout the performance, and the whole production was acknowledged an artistic success. The stage setting was effective, the costuming as good in every detail as in a regular professional performance, and, while all parts were creditably sustained, some characters were personated with more than amateur excellence. An especial feature was the quality of the music; for not only were the selections, both vocal and instrumental, appropriate to the play, but every number was well rendered.



Advices from New York state that Garner A. Beckett, ex-'09, has taken a position with a bank in that city. He will resume his course at the University of Pennsylvania next year.

Karl Shattuck, '09, entered U. C. this semester, and is registered in the engineering course.

"Mini" Brush, '09, held down the position of catcher on the victorious D. K. E. team, which won the inter-fraternity series at U. C.

Miss Helen Stroupe, '06, was recently married to Mr. Fritz Turner. Mr. and Mrs. Turner are now residing in Stockton.

The following members of the Class of June, '10, have enrolled at the University of California: Charles Dodge, Engineering Department; Ernest Brown, Fred Thompson, T. Warren Thompson, and Robert Wolff, in the College of Commerce; Ruth Sherwood, in the College of Social Sciences.

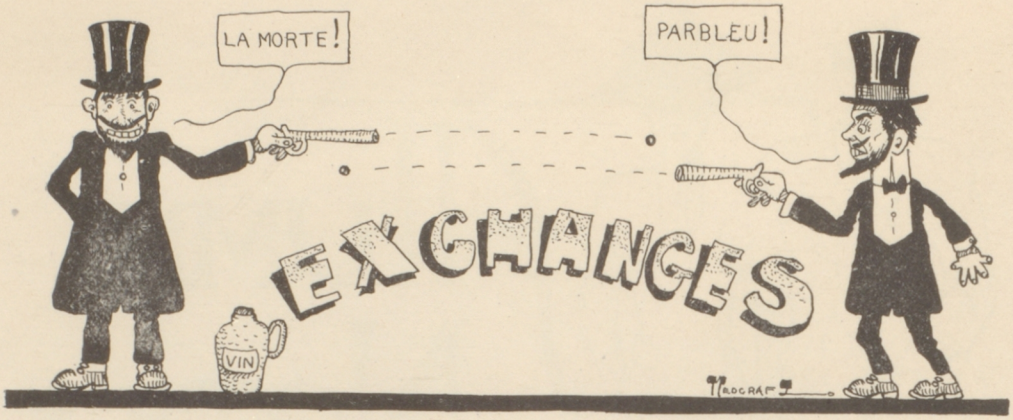
Marjorie Haight, '10, spent a very enjoyable time during a recent visit to New Zealand. Miss Haight intends to enter Stanford University next semester.

Timothy Perkins, '09, is enrolled at Stanford in the Engineering Department.

Jack René, '10, who is now in Los Angeles, expects to visit Alameda about the end of this year.

Bertram B. Bronson, '10, will enter the Medical Department of California this coming semester.

The Class of June, '10, will hold their semi-annual reunion during the Christmas holidays.



The aim of a high school journal should be to increase school spirit, to be a force in advancing the scholarship of students and to produce material that should be interesting to the public as well as pupils.

If every department within the school were represented in contributions to the paper, a great mass of material would be obtained, whereof a sufficient amount might be used for the editing of a good publication. There ought never to be the complaint that the students do not show school spirit in supporting the paper, either by literary effort or by subscription. For if the students assist in producing a worthy paper, the natural result will be a greatly enlarged subscription list and financial stability.

The illustrations of the paper should evidence work of the art department. Only the very best of results should be shown. The printing of weak caricatures should be discontinued, as it lowers the standard and adds nothing to the beauty or permanent worth of the journal. Sketches in black and white may aid very much the attractiveness of the paper. Photographs, if not used profusely, help to improve the appearance of a journal and have their place especially in the commencement numbers. They are interesting to parents and serve as souvenirs for the students. As an inducement to those students who are really interested in the work of the art department, sketches and designs made with the view of journal reproduction should be accepted by the teacher as part of the quarterly work. In this way, much more satisfactory results would be gained by the instructor and each student would feel that he is necessary for the successful issuing of the paper.

The cover is one of the chief essentials, because it makes the first appeal. Conventional designs are perhaps the most appropriate. Sufficient space should be reserved for the name of the school, its locality, and date of publication. The omission of these details is obvious in many papers received and causes much annoyance. For an example, after closely scanning every page of an Eastern paper, it was necessary to read almost all the advertisements before discovering that the paper was published in Liberty, Indiana.

There are few high school journals published without advertisements. If it is really necessary to use advertisements, they should be placed together in the back of the journal. Above all things, the covers, both front and back, within and without, should be free from this commercialism. Objectionable advertisements should always be omitted. The idea of placing joshes and personals among advertisements is good, because they beckon the reader onward, and this usually results in a perusal of the advertisements, whereby the merchant receives the worth of his money.

The manner in which the different departments of a paper are arranged is not of great importance. The following order seems customary: The first page should be attractive in design and contain the table of contents. Following this should come the literary department, including a variety of contributed articles, stories and original verse, to which about one-third of the entire space of the journal should be devoted.

The editorials usually follow and are almost in the central part of the magazine. These should contain notes and suggestions from the pupils' point of view on general school affairs.

The department of exchanges, unless by real analysis and criticism it materially helps those papers with which it carries on a correspondence, should be omitted from the paper. Very few of the hundreds that attend the school really have a chance to see the exchanges, hence comment on them lacks general interest.

The subject of athletics is important and ought to be treated accordingly. Sufficient space should be given and all baseball, football, track, and tennis affairs should be discussed in full.

Notes on class organizing, and interesting facts about different courses and miscellaneous news should come under the head of School Notes.

Finally, at the end of the paper the joshes should be found, in cheerful profusion. These should be entertaining and spicy, but great care should be taken that they become neither too personal nor objectionable, nor appeal to the chance knowledge of but few readers.

"The Acorn" acknowledges receipt of the following papers: "The Skirmisher," St. Matthews School, Burlingame; "The Spectator," Cloverdale High School; "The Madrono," Palo Alto High School; "The Lowell," San Francisco; "El Gabilan," Salinas High School; "The Tattler," El Paso High School; "The Tocsin," Santa Clara High School; "The High School Student," Liberty High School, Liberty, Indiana; "The Tiger," C. S. M. A., San Francisco; "The Lens," Washington High School Portland, Oregon; "School Herald," San Jose High School; "The Pelican," University of California; "The Chaparral," Stanford University; "The Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston; "The Vexillum," Volkman School, Boston, Mass.; "The Review," Sacramento High School.

"Pa, who was Shylock?"

"Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday School every week and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible."—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Marshall—Tell me all you can about the Island of Sicily.
Mr. Thompson—Well, it is entirely surrounded by water.
Miss E. Thomas—And all the seaports are on the coast.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Minium (in chemistry)—If H_2O is water, then what is HO^2?
Bright Boy—Mush!

* * * * * * *

Mr. Marshall (in the brilliant commercial geography class)—What are citrus fruits, Mr. Etter?

First guess—Bananas.

Second guess—Well, they are fruits with peelings on them.

* * * * * * *

Popular Latin.
Didicissem? Iubet.

* * * * * * *

Ed. Seagrave (giving an example of a Posteriori argument)—A lady stumbled because her feet were tangled up; therefore, she wore a hobble gown.

In Our School Library.

"Little Men".....Cleon Koetitz, Robert Rosenberg, Geo. Mastick
"A Chosen Few".....The Seniors
"They That Walk in Darkness".....High Junior Chemistry Class
"The Choir Invisible".....Ala. High Quartette
"The One Woman".....Miss E. M. Garretson
"The Lightning Conductor" .....Chas. Kiser
"Great Expectations".....Freshman Class (author unknown)

* * * * * * * *

Freshie—Why do people laugh in their sleeves?
Bright Junior—Because the funny bone is there.—Ex.

* * * * * * * *

"Who was George Elliot?
"Oh, he was a woman."

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Agard (oral English), in assigning a part in "The Rivals" to Chas. Kiser, said: "Your cue is, 'Become a young woman.'" Greeted by hearty laughter.

* * * * * * * *

"What are you doing now?"
Student—"Working in a cannery."
"I thought you were in school."
Student—"Well, that's a cannery. Three kids canned a week regular."
—Ex.

* * * * * * * *

Plain Geometry.

Ex. 8.—A wind may, through the process of geometrical construction, be changed into love.

Given ABC, a wind.
To prove ABC a wind=a breeze.
Proof 1. ABC, a wind=a breeze.
2. A breeze=a zephyr.
3. A zephyr=a yarn.
4. A yarn=a tale.
5. A tale=an attachment.
6. An attachment=Affection.
7. Affection=Love.

ABC, the given wind=EFG, or love.
(Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other).—Ex.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Murphy (oral English, reporting on the life of Benjamin Franklin) —Benjamin Franklin was a boy when he was young, and when he finally grew up, he became a man like his father.

A Winged Tribe.

"My ancestors came over in the 'Mayflower.'"

"That's nothing. My father descended from an aeroplane."—Life.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Agard (High Senior English)—Explain what "boots" means in this line: "Alas! what boots it with incessant care."

Miss Hoeber—It has something to do with the feet, hasn't it?

* * * * * * * *

Held Up.

"Hands up!" exclaimed the Western train robber. "Gimme your money."

"Too late," replied the tourist. "I get off at the next station and I've already tipped the porter."—Record.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Agard—What is the figure of speech in, "Thy loss to shepherd's ear"?

Miss Hardin—That's a metonymy, one ear for two.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Agard (oral English)—Mr. Kiser, report on the play.

Mr. Hermann Kiser—I'm a Methodist; I don't go to the theater.

* * * * * * * *

We can make our lives sublime by asking silly questions to take up the teacher's time.

* * * * * * * *

Silently one by one
In the infinite notebooks of teachers
Blossom the lovely fours,
The forget-me-nots of the pupils.

* * * * * * * *

"Father," said the little boy at the dinner table on Christmas Day "what is a suffragette?"

"Well, my boy," the father replied, "a suffragette is a being who has ceased to be a lady and is no gentleman."—L. H. J.

* * * * * * * *

In Football Season.

He—We'd have won the football game, if our captain hadn't lost his head.

She—Mercy, was it as bad as that? I thought it was only an ear.

* * * * * * * *

"Father, teacher said in Sunday-school today that if I was good I'd go to heaven, and you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I wonder which of you is fibbing?"

Mr. Marshall (commercial geography)—Miss Deming, what is the difference between Nebraska and Texas cattle.

Miss Deming—The Texas cattle have longer horns and their wool is coarser.

* * * * * * *

In Sunday-School.

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what because of Ninevah?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Why Not?

The verse you write
You say is written,
All rules despite,
But not dispitten.
The gas you light
Is never litten.
Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken,
But if you sneak,
You have not snoken.
The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken.

* * * * * * *

Edith Fulton (Low Junior English)—Sir Roger de Coverlley was a sensible old gentleman. He was a bachelor, you know.

* * * * * * *

Heard in the Drawing Room.

The bell was late in ringing. "Dutch" Mastick was heard to exclaim—What's the matter with the bell?

Turk—Why (the) bell wasn't elected.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Christy is becoming quite skilful in running his machine one-handed. Any one wishing to attain this accomplishment may speak to Miss Van Brunt about it.

* * * * * * *

Mr. T. (explaining silver plating)—The anodes are silver and the cathodes are—er—spoons (?).

Mr. Minium—I understand perfectly; go ahead.

SOME FRESHIE "DON'TS."

1. Don't start the habit of dancing on your upper-classmen's feet. Keep on your own.

2. Don't make faces behind your teacher's back. Their eyes are in front, and they don't appreciate your cleverness.

3. Don't look at a girl and with a smile say, "R. S. V. P." You're too young to understand the term.

4. Don't bring your gum to school. Stick it under the table before leaving home; it will probably be there when you get back.

5. Don't sharpen your pencil too often. We realize the amusement, but it is expensive.

6. Don't stick around the Seniors. You are sure to show your ignorance.

7. Don't wipe your pen on your socks. They've been dyed before.

8. Don't "queen," but, of course, that is understood.

9. Don't waste your time picking flowers for your teachers. It doesn't pay. We speak from experience.

10. Don't be continually smoothing your trousers' creases. We appreciate their length.

* * * * * * *

Lo, the botanists say: "'Tis better to be a budding genius than a blooming idiot."—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Thompson—In which course do you expect to graduate?
Mr. Anthony—Oh! in the course of time.—Ex.

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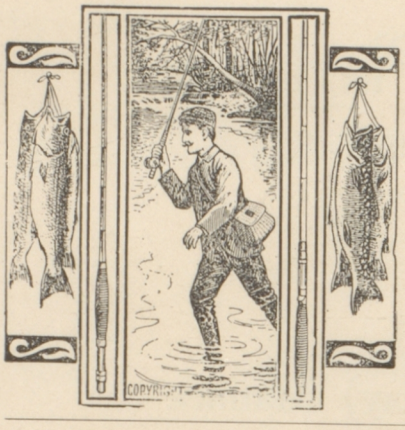

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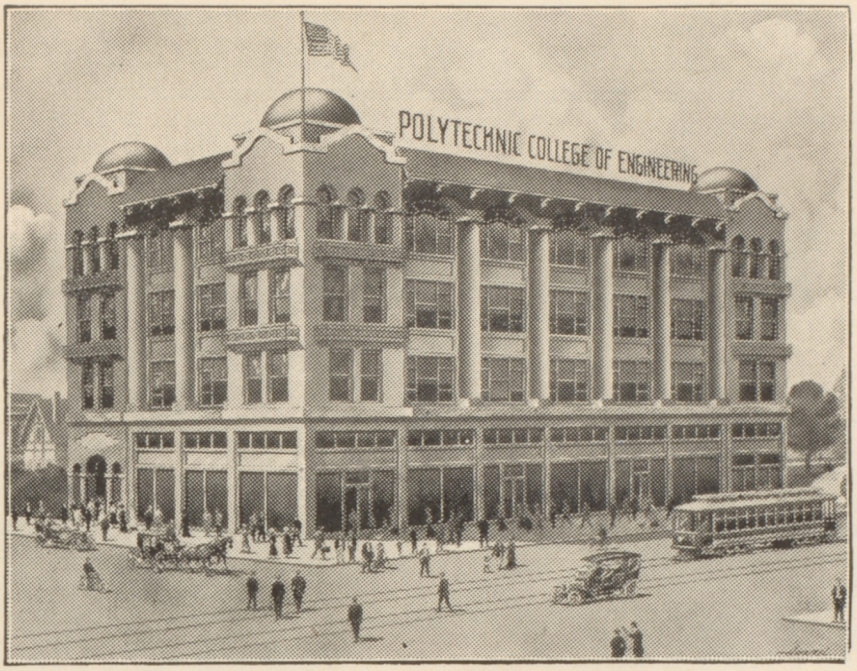

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Adams—The conductor.

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Who happened to sit on his hat.
"You can thank yourself, b'y."
Said Mike with a sigh,
"That your head wasn't there where you sat."

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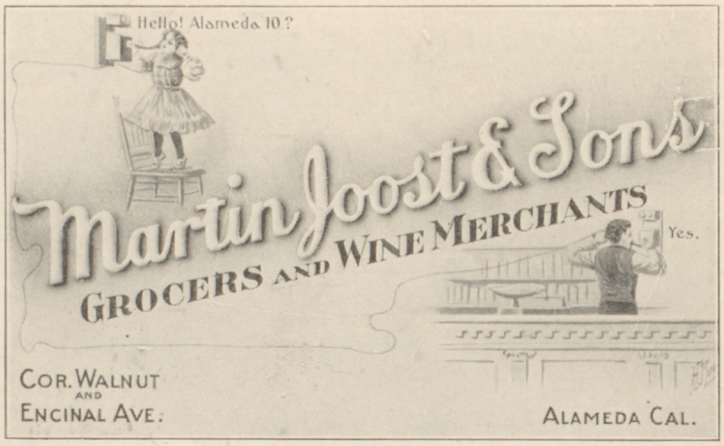

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She found she could'nt go.

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